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*An Account of the celebrated extraordinary Genius JOHN
HENDERSON, B. A.*

OF this much celebrated young man, whose extraordinary acquirements attracted the notice, and even commanded the respect of Dr. Johnson, several accounts have been published, and much eulogium hath been pronounced. By many he has been supposed to emulate the variety and extent of knowledge possessed by the admirable Crichton; and, like that eccentric character, he has left little for posterity to form a judgment of the truth of those praises which have been bestowed upon him.

He was born at Bellegarance, near Limerick in the kingdom of Ireland, on the 27th of March, 1757, of very pious and respectable parents. He received his education amongst the Methodists, and at eight years of age he understood latin so well, as to be able to teach it at kingswood school. At twelve he taught the greek language in the College of Trevecka, in Wales, to men, some of whom were double his age. The governor of the College at that time was the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, late Vicar of Madely, a clergyman highly distinguished for the fervour of his piety and liveliness of his imagination. Some disagreement taking place with this gentleman and those who had the superintendence

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perintendence of the college, he was dismissed, together with young Henderson, who soon after, at the age of twenty-four years, went to Oxford, was entered of Pembroke college, and in due time took the degree of Batchelor of Arts.

From the time of his entrance into the College, his life passed with little variety and no adventure. His thirst after knowledge appears to have been unabated and unbounded; he was admired and generally respected and he acquired habits, some of which brought him into the notice of the world almost as much as his talents. Some of these traits of character having been depicted by one who appears to have known him well, we shall give in the words of their author, who was also of Pembroke College, and thus describes Mr. Henderson's appearance when he was first introduced to him: "His clothes were made in a fashion peculiar to himself; he wore no stock or neckcloth; his buckles were so small as not to exceed the dimensions of an ordinary knee-buckle at a time when very large buckles were in vogue. Though he was then twenty-four years of age, he wore his hair like a school-boy of six.

"His temper was mild placid and serene. He possessed such a spirit of universal philanthropy, that he was ready to oblige every individual that came in his way as far as lay in his power. His benevolence knew no bounds, and his liberality was so diffusive that it submitted with difficulty to the circumspection of a narrow income. He was fond of society and well qualified to shine in it. He was frank, open, and communicative, averse to suspicion, and untinctured with pride and moroseness.

"His mode of life was singular. He generally retired to rest about day-break, and rose in the afternoon

noon, a practice, however, that was frequently interrupted by the occasional attendance which he was obliged to give to the morning service at the College chapel. He spent a great part of the day in smoking; and, except when in company, he usually read while he smoked. He had no objection to the liberal use of wine and spirituous liquors; and, notwithstanding his philosophic self-denial in other respects, he did not always scrupulously adhere to the rules of temperance in this particular.—But this failing, which he did not often practise, and which never led him into any glaring impropriety of conduct, was lost amidst the general blaze of merit and virtues with which his character was adorned. Truth, however, requires it to be added, that in the latter part of his life so completely had this failing overcome him, that wine or spirits could not be safely trusted within his power.

“The following remarkable custom was frequently observed by him before he retired to repose;—he used to strip himself naked as low as the waist, and taking his station at a pump near his rooms, would completely sluice his head and the upper part of his body; after which he would pump over his shirt so as to make it perfectly wet, and putting it on in that condition, would immediately go to bed. This he jocularly termed “an excellent cold bath.” The latter part of this ceremony, however, he did not practice with such frequency as the former.

“His external appearance was as singular as his habits of life. He would never suffer his hair to be strewed with white dust (to use his own expression), daubed with pomatum, or distorted by the curling-tongs of the friseur. Though under two and thirty years of age at his death, he walked, when he appeared in public, with as much apparent caution and solemnity

as if he had been enfeebled by the co-operation of age and disease.

“With regard to his moral and religious character, he was a pattern highly worthy of imitation. He was in the strict sense of the word *integer vita scelerisque purus*. He shewed a constant regard to the obligations of honour and justice, and recommended, both by precept and example, an attention to moral rectitude in all its ramifications. He had the courage to reprove vice and immorality wherever they appeared; and though he was treated on those occasions with contumely and insult, he bore with a resignation truly christian so ill a return for his well meant endeavours. In his principles of religion he was orthodox, without being rigid. His devotion was fervent without making too near an approach to enthusiasm or superstition. He was perfectly acquainted with the religious dogmas of every different sect, and could readily detect the respective fallacies of each. But however he might differ from these sectarists, he behaved to them on all occasions with great politeness and liberality, and conversed with them on the most amicable terms of general sociability.

“His abilities and understanding were eminently conspicuous. His penetration was so great as to have the appearance of intuition. So retentive was his memory, that he remembered whatever he learned; and this faculty of recollection, combined with a pregnancy of imagination and solidity of judgment, enabled him to acquire a surprising fund of erudition and argument; a fund ready at every call, and adequate to every emergency.

“His learning was deep and multifarious. He was admirably skilled in logic, ethics, metaphysics, and scholastic

scholastic theology. Duns Scotus, Thomas Aquinas, and Burgersdicius, were authors with whom he was intimately conversant. He had studied the healing art with particular attention, and added to a sound theoretic knowledge of it some degree of practice. His skill in this art he rendered subservient to his philanthropy; for he gratuitously attended the valetudinary poor wherever he resided, and favoured them with medical advice as well as pecuniary assistance. He had a competent knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and every branch of natural and experimental philosophy. He was well acquainted with the Civil and Canon Laws, and the Law of Nature and Nations. In classical learning and the Belles Lettres he was by no means deficient. He was master of the Greek and Latin tongues, as well as of several modern languages. He affected not elegance either in his Latin or English style; but was happy in a manly perspicuous, and forcible diction, which he preferred to the empty flow of harmonious periods. He was versed in history, grammar, and rhetoric. In politics he was a firm Tory, and greatly disapproved the general conduct of the Whig party.

“He spoke of physiognomy as a science with all the confidence of a Lavater. He pretended to a knowledge of the occult sciences of magic and astrology. Whether this was or was not a mere pretence, I leave to the judgment of the enlightened reader. Suffice it to remark, that his library was well stored with the magical and astrological books of the last century.

“His talents of conversation were of so attractive a nature, so various and multiform, that he was a companion equally acceptable to the philosopher, and the man of the world, to the grave and the gay, the learned and the illiterate, the young and the old of both sexes.”

“Some

"Some time before his change came, he seemed perfectly dead to this world, and abstracted from man. Company could no more engage him. He avoided unprofitable converse and idle speculations. The early hour and the frugal meal prepared him for contemplation and study. He had a full and clear presentiment of his approaching dissolution, and he seemed to withdraw himself from mortals, as he was soon to converse with higher beings.

He died at Oxford the 2d day of November, 1788, and was buried on the 18th at St. George's, Kingswood: the corpse being accompanied by Mr. Agutter, who on the Sunday following preached a sermon, which contains a character of his friend highly honourable to both the parties.

An Extract of the Life of Dr. Watts.

[Continued from page 478.]

ON his death-bed, when the lamp of life was glimmering in its last decay, an intimate friend asked him, if he felt any pain? He mildly answered, "No." On being asked, respecting his soul, "Whether all was well?" he replied "It was, and confessed it to be a great mercy." On Nov. 24, the day before he died, he lay easy, and his mind continued peaceful and serene, silently waiting for his change. The next day, in the afternoon, he expired without a struggle or a groan.

He was interred in Bunhill Fields, London, amidst a vast concourse of people. At the grave a funeral oration was delivered by Dr. S. Chandler; in which were the following commendations of the deceased.

"We

"We here commit to the ground, the venerable remains of one, who, being intrusted with many excellent talents by him who is the author of every good and perfect gift, cheerfully and unweariedly applied them as a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God in his Master's service; approving himself as a minister of Christ in much patience, in afflictions, and distresses, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the armour of righteousness, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; and who, amidst trials from within and from without, was continued by the kind providence of God, and the powerful supports of his grace, to a good old age, honored and beloved by all parties, retaining his usefulness till he had just finished his course.

"O how delightful is that voice from heaven, which has thus pronounced, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works follow them."

His stature was beneath the common standard, perhaps not above five feet, or at most five feet two inches. His body was lean, his face oval, his nose aquiline, his complexion fair and pale, his forehead low, his cheek-bones rather prominent; but his countenance, on the whole, by no means disagreeable. His eyes were small and grey, and whenever he was attentive or eager, amazingly piercing and expressive. His voice was rather slender, but regular, audible, and pleasant.

He had a lively, and an abounding genius, joined with the most patient indefatigable industry; a quick conception, with a tenacious memory; a great mind cultivated by study, and enriched with the treasures of a noble

a noble literature. He was humble without disguise; patient without fainting or complaint; firm without rigour; and studious without gloom or stiffness. With equal truth it might be said, that he was learned without pride; polite without dissimulation: and bountiful without vanity or imprudence.

In the whole course of his life he appeared to have a single eye to the glory of God, and the good of mankind. He died in peace, honored and lamented, and has left behind him an example worthy the imitation of all, and especially of the ministers of Christ.

An Extract from an Account of the Pelew Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. By Captain Henry Wilson.

[Continued from page 432.]

THE raft being now completed, was loaded with as much provision and stores as it could carry, consistently with safety of the people who were to go in it. The pinnace and jolly-boat were likewise filled with provision, ammunition and small arms, in which was placed their greatest security. The people being still anxiously employed in saving whatever they could, and the ship beginning to have a little motion from the rising of the tide, there was great apprehension that the main-mast would fall over the side, in which case it must have rendered all their labours fruitless. The raft and pinnace being ready to depart, and the evening advancing, the boatswain was desired to go into the ship and wind his call, in order to alarm those who were busily employed below to go into the boats and raft, that they may endeavour to get on shore before night, and secure what they had already got

out of the ship. And here it may be worth while to notice the great care and attention of the carpenter, who was so intent on saving what tools and stores he could, that he remained below after the pinnace and raft departed, and Captain Wilson was obliged to compel him to go into the jolly boat.

Thus, with aching hearts, they quitted the Antelope, totally ignorant of their future destiny. The pinnace, with some of the stoutest of the ship's crew, took the raft in tow; the jolly boat also assisted, by towing the pinnace till they had cleared the reef; after which being too heavy laden to be of much further aid, those in the pinnace cast loose their rope and the jolly proceeded alone to the shore, where they arrived about eight o'clock at night, and found their companions who had been left in the morning. These few had not been idle, or unmindful of their fellow sufferers; having employed themselves in clearing away a spot of ground, and erecting a small tent with a sail, in readiness for their reception. The situation of those on the raft, as well as those on the pinnace, was truly dreadful till they had cleared the reef (which was more than half an hour;) by the great surf and spray of the sea, the pinnace and raft being often out of sight of each other. Those on the latter were obliged to tie themselves, and cling to it with all their strength, to prevent their being washed off, and the shrieks of the chinese, less injured to these perils, did not a little aggravate the horror of the scene.

Having cleared the reef, and got into the channel, which flows between that and the islands, they found themselves in deep water, and a less disturbed sea; they hoisted the sails of they pinnace, and got, not without difficulty to the island. The night proved very uncomfortable on many accounts; the rain and wind

were heavy, and the distress of their situation not a little increased by the fear of the ship going to pieces, before they should be able to save from her such necessaries as might be useful to them. They hauled their boats on shore, and set a watch, lest they might be surprized by any of the natives.

The weather proving more moderate in the afternoon, the boats were sent to the wreck to bring away some rice, and other provision, as also to procure what necessaries they could for the people, who stood in great need of them. But the chief mate and crew, who returned with the pinnace, brought the melancholy intelligence, that they did not conceive, from the badness of the weather, that the ship could hold together till morning.

They knew nothing of the inhabitants of that country; ignorant of their manners and dispositions, as well as of the hostile scenes they might have to encounter: they were cut off from the rest of the world, with little probability of ever getting away. Each individual threw back his remembrance to some dear object that affection rivetted to his heart, who might be in vain looking out anxiously for the return of the father, the husband, or the friend, whom there was scarcely the most distant chance of their ever seeing any more. These reflections did not contribute to make the night comfortable; the weather was far more tempestuous than in the preceding one; but the clothes they had procured from the wreck proved a great comfort to them all, who were thereby enabled to have a change.

August 12th, at day break, as it blew exceeding hard, so that the boats could not venture to sea, every one went to work, to dry the stores and provisions between

between the showers ; and many were busied to form
 tents of such materials as they had saved. About eight
 o'clock in the morning Captain Wilson and Tom Rose
 being on the beach, collecting water which dropped
 from the rocks, the people who were employed in
 clearing the ground, in the wood behind them, gave
 notice that some of the natives were approaching, as
 they perceived a canoe coming round from the point
 into the bay. This gave so much alarm that the peo-
 ple all flew to arms ; however, as there were only two
 canoes, and these having but few men in them the peo-
 ple were desired to remain still, and out of sight, until
 they should perceive what manner of treatment the
 Captain and Tom Rose met with, whom they were
 convinced the natives had discovered, as they convers-
 ed together, and kept stedfastly looking towards that
 part of the shore where they were. Our people were
 desired to be prepared for the worst, but by no means
 to appear for the present, or shew any signs of distrust
 when they did, unless the behaviour of the natives
 should render it necessary.

In this short interval the canoes had advanced cau-
 tionously towards the shore, they stood, when Captain
 Wilson desired Tom Rose to speak to them in the Ma-
 lay language, which they did not seem to understand,
 but stopped their canoes : yet soon after one of them
 spoke in the Malay tongue, and asked who they were ?
 and whether they were friends or enemies ? Tom Rose
 was directed to reply, " That they were unfortunate
 Englishmen, who had lost their ship upon the reef, and
 had saved their lives, and were their friends," Upon
 this they spoke a few words together (which was since
 supposed to have been the Malay man explaining to
 them what had been said ;) and presently they step-
 ped out of the canoes into the water, and came to-
 wards the shore, on which Captain Wilson waded into
 the

the water to meet them, and embracing them in a friendly manner conducted them to the shore, and introduced them to his companions. They were eight in number, two of whom it was afterwards known, were brothers to the king. They left one man in each canoe; and, as they were coming into the cove, seemed to look round with great watchfulness, as if fearful of being betrayed; nor would they seat themselves near the tents, but kept close to the beach, that in case of danger they might easily regain their canoes.

Our people now going to breakfast, they were presented with some tea, and some sweet biscuits, made at China, of which two or three jars had been saved. Only Captain Willson, and one or two more, with Tom Rose the interpreter, breakfasted with them; for they would probably have entertained doubts, had the English surrounded them to gratify curiosity. In our little conversation a wish was expressed to the Malay they brought with them, of knowing by what event he chanced to be there. This fellow, besides his own and the Pelew language, spoke a little Dutch, and some words of English: he gave the following account of himself, viz.—That he commanded a trading vessel belonging to a China-man at Ternate, had been on a trading voyage to Amboyna and Bantam, and had been cast away, about ten months before, upon an island to the southward, which was within sight of where he then was; that he escaped from thence to Pelew, and had been kindly received by the king, who, he told them, was a very good man, and that his people also were courteous.

He further acquainted them, that a canoe having been out fishing, had seen the ship's mast lying down, and that the king being informed of it, sent off these two canoes, at four o'clock that morning to enquire

what

what was become of the people; that they knowing well this harbour, had come to it first, being a place where the canoes, when fishing, often shelter themselves in hard weather.—They sat about an hour with Captain Wilson, tasted the tea, but seemed to like better the biscuits, and appeared now to feel themselves relieved from every apprehension. They wished that one of our people might be sent in their canoes to the Ropack, or king, that he might see what sort of people they were; which was agreed to by Captain Wilson, who, after breakfast was ended, introduced to them several of his officers; these shook hands with the natives, who, being informed by the Malay that this was the mode of salutation amongst the English, went to every man present, and took him by the hand, nor ever after omitted this token of regard, as often as they met our countrymen.

It often pleases Providence, in the most trying hours of difficulty, to throw open some unlooked for source of consolation. It was singular that Captain Kees of the Northumberland should, at Macao, have recommended to Captain Wilson, Tom Rose as a servant, who, spoke the Malay language perfectly well.

It was still a more singular circumstance, that a tempest should have thrown a Malay on this spot, who had as a stranger been noticed and favored by the king, and having been near a year on the island previous to the loss of the Antelope, was become acquainted with the language of the country; by this extraordinary event both the English and the inhabitants of Pelew had an interpreter, who could converse freely together in the Malay tongue; and Tom Rose speaking English, an easy intercourse was immediately opened on both sides, and all those impediments removed at once, which would have arisen among people

ple who had no means of conveying their thoughts to one another by language, but must have trusted to signs and gestures, which, to those born in climates so remotely separated, might have given rise to a thousand misconceptions.—The natives perceiving the boats preparing to be launched, imagined it was for departure; but being told that our men were only going off to the wreck to fetch more stores and necessities on shore, they said they would send one of their people with them, to prevent any canoes from molesting them.

The natives were of a deep copper colour, perfectly naked, having no kind of covering whatsoever; their skins very soft and glossy, owing, as was known afterwards, to the external use of cocoa-nut oil. Each chief had in his hand a basket of Beetle-nut, and a bamboo finely polished and inlaid at each end, in which they carried their Chinam. This is coral burnt to a lime, which they shake out through one end of the bamboo, where they carry it, on the leaf of the Beetle-nut, before they chew it, to render it more useful, or palatable. It was observed that all their teeth were black, and that the Beetle-nut and Chinam, of which they had always a quid in their mouths, rendered the saliva red, which, together with their black teeth, gave their mouths a very disgusting appearance.

They were of a middling stature, very straight, and muscular, their limbs well formed, and had a particular majestic manner in walking; but their legs, from a little above their ancles to the middle of their thighs, were tattooed so very thick, as to appear dyed of a far deeper colour than their skin: their hair was of a fine black, long, and rolled up behind in a simple manner close to the back of their heads, and appeared both neat and becoming.—None of them, except the young-
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er of the king's two brothers had a beard; and it was afterwards observed, in the course of a longer acquaintance with them, that they in general plucked out their beards by the root; a very few only, who had strong thick beards, cherished them and let them grow.

As they now seemed to feel no longer any restraint, they were conducted round the cove; the ground was as yet but slightly cleared, much broken shells and rock, together with thorny plants and shrubs remaining over it, nor could our people help being surprized at seeing them, barefooted, walk over all the rough way as perfectly at ease as if it had been the smoothest ground. But if the uncommon appearance of the natives excited surprize in the English, their appearance awakened in their visitors a far greater astonishment.

[To be continued.]

Thoughts on the Influence of SOLITUDE upon the Heart.
By M. ZIMMERMANN.

[Continued from page 454.]

THE History of the Swiss evinces that the inhabitants of these mountains are not men of a degenerated cast, but that their sentiments are elevated, and their feelings warm. Their boldness and intrepidity is innate; the spirit of liberty gives wings to their souls; and they trample tyranny and tyrants under their feet. But the spirit of liberty is only to be found in its genuine refinement among the Alps; for all the Swiss are not in reality free, although they have notions of liberty, love their country, and return their
thanks

thanks to the Almighty for that happy peace which permits each individual to live quietly under his vine, and to enjoy the shade of his fig-tree.

The Alps in Switzerland are inhabited by a race of men, sometimes unfociable, but always good and generous. The severity of their climate renders them hardy and robust, while their pastoral life adds softness to their characters. An Englishman has said, that he who never heard thunder in the Alps, cannot conceive any idea of the continuity of the lightning, the rolling and the burst of the thunder which roars round the horizon of these immense mountains. The inhabitants of the Alps, therefore, who have never seen better houses than their own cabins, or any other country than their native rocks, conceive every part of the universe to be formed of the same rough materials, and a scene of unceasing tempests.

But Heaven is not always threatening; the lightning does not continually flash upon their eyes; immediately after the most dreadful tempests, the hemisphere clears itself by slow degrees, and becomes serene. The heads and hearts of the Swiss are of a similar nature; kindness succeed to anger; and generosity to the most brutal fury; which might be easily proved, not only from the records of history but from recent facts. One of the inhabitants of these stupendous mountains, General de Redin, born in the Canton of Schwitz, was enrolled very early in life in the Swiss guards, and had attained the station of Lieutenant General; but his long residence at Paris and Versailles had not in any degree altered his character; and he continued through life a Swiss. The orders issued by the Court of Versailles in the year 1764, for the regulation of the Swiss who were in the service of that Court, occasioned great discontents in the Canton of Schwitz. The
citizens

citizens considered this innovation as extremely prejudicial to their ancient privileges, and they threw the blame of this measure upon General Redin. At this crisis, the wife of the General, who resided on his estate, was exerting all her interest to raise recruits; but the sound of the French drum was become disgusting to the ears of the citizens of the Canton, and they saw with indignation the white cockade placed in the hats of the deluded peasants. The Magistrate, apprehensive that this fermentation might ultimately cause some insurrection among the people, thought it his duty to prohibit Madame de Redin from continuing to raise her levies. The lady required him to give a certificate in writing of this prohibition; but the Magistrate was not at that moment inclined to act with this spirit against the interest of France; and the wife of the General continued to raise her recruits. This bold measure irritated the inhabitants of the Canton; they summoned a General Diet, and Madame de Redin appeared before the Four Thousand. "The drum," said she, "shall never cease to beat, until you give me a certificate, which may justify my husband to the Court of France for not completing the number of his men." They granted her the certificate she demanded, and the General was at the same time enjoined to use his interest at the Court of France, for the service of his country. These measures being adopted, the Canton waited in anxious expectation of receiving satisfactory accounts from Paris; but unhappily very dissatisfactory accounts arrived. The feelings of the inhabitants were irritated beyond restraint; and those who were possessed of credit and authority publicly maintained that the new regulation endangered both their liberties and their religion. The general discontent was instantly converted into universal fury. The Diet was again assembled, and it was publicly resolved not to furnish the King of France with any troops here-

after. The treaty of alliance in 1713 was torn from the archives of the country, and General Redin was ordered to return immediately with the soldiers under his command, upon pain of perpetual exile. Redin obtained the King's leave of absence for himself and his regiment; and they returned to their own country. The General entered Schwitz, the metropolis of the Canton, at the head of his troops, with drums beating and colours flying. They marched towards the church; Redin placed the colours by the side of the great altar, fell upon his knees, and offered up his thanks to God. He then discharged to his soldiers the arrears of their pay, gave them their accoutrements and clothes, and with tears in his eyes, while they wept around him, took his leave. The fury of the populace seemed to increase, when they found themselves in possession of a man whom they considered as a perfidious wretch, a traitor who had favored the new regulations at the Court of Versailles, and who had conspired to give a mortal blow to the interests of his country. The General Diet assembled, and Redin was summoned to disclose the manner in which these new regulations had passed, in order that they might know the terms on which they stood with France, and learn the degree of offence the traitor had committed, so that they might afterwards grant him a pardon, or apportion his punishment. Redin, perfectly aware that under the real circumstances of the case, eloquence would be vainly exerted against minds heated in the cause, contented himself with saying roughly, and in few words, that all the world knew the manner in which things had passed, and that he was as innocent with regard to the new regulation as he was of his dismissal. "The traitor then will not confess!" exclaimed the most furious of the members; "hang him on the next tree—cut him to pieces." These menaces were instantly repeated by the whole assembly; Redin, however, continued perfectly

perfectly tranquil. A troop of furious peasants mounted the rostrum, while Redin stood by the side of the Magistrates. It was at this time raining. A young man, the godson of Redin, held a parapluie over his head. One of the enraged multitude with a blow of his stick, broke the parapluie to pieces, exclaiming, "Let the villain be uncovered." Rage swelled the bosom of the youth. "Ah! ah!" said he, "I did not know that my god-father had betrayed his country; but since it is so, bring me a cord this moment, that I may strangle him." The Members of the Council formed a circle round the General, and entreated him with uplifted hands to think of his danger; to confess that he had not perhaps opposed the regulation with proper vehemence; and to offer the sacrifice of his whole fortune as a reparation for the offence he had committed, on condition that they would spare his life. Redin walked out of the circle with a grave and tranquil air, and made the sign of silence with his hand. The whole Assembly waited with impatience to hear the General confess; and the greater number of the Members flattered him with the hopes of pardon. "My dear countrymen," said the General, "you are not ignorant that I have served the King of France two and forty years. You know, and many among you who were with me in the service, can bear witness of its truth, how frequently I have appeared in the face of the enemy, and the manner in which I have conducted myself in several battles. I considered every engagement as the last day of my life. But here I protest, in the presence of Almighty God, who knows all hearts, who listens to my words, who is to judge us all, that I never appeared before the enemy with a conscience so tranquil, pure, and innocent; and am ready at this instant, to yield up my life, if you think proper to condemn me for not confessing an infidelity of which I have not been guilty."

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The dignity with which the General delivered this declaration, and the rays of truth which beamed upon his countenance, calmed the fury of the assembly, and he was saved. But Redin and his wife soon afterwards quitted the canton. She entered into a religious convent at Uri, and he retired into a deep cavern among the rocks, where he lived two years in solitude. The fury of his countrymen, however, at length subsided; he returned to the canton, and rewarded their ingratitude by the most signal services. Every individual then recollected the integrity and magnanimity of the General; and to compensate the injuries and injustice he had received, they elected him Bailli, or first officer of the canton: nay, what very rarely happens, they afterwards elected him three times successively to this important dignity.

This is the characteristic disposition of the people who inhabit the Alps of Switzerland; alternately mild and violent; following in the extreme the dictates of a bold and lively imagination. Their passions and affections experience the same vicissitudes as their climate. But I candidly acknowledge, that I would rather live in solitude among the rocks of Uri, than be perpetual Bailli on the canton of Schwitz. The continual view of the sublime desarts of the Alps may perhaps contribute to render the Swiss rude and unpolished; but, as in every similar situation, their hearts are improved in kindness and good nature, by the tranquillity of their fields, and the smiling beauty of the scenery by which they are surrounded. The English artists acknowledge, that the face of nature in Switzerland is too sublime and too majestic for the pencil to render a faithful representation of it. But what exquisite enjoyments must they not experience upon those romantic hills, in those agreeable vallies, upon the happy borders of those still and transparent Lakes! Ah! it is there

there that nature may be closely examined: it is there that she appears in her highest pomp and splendour. If the view of the oak, the elm, the dark firs which people these immense forests, convey no pleasures; if the sight of those majestic trees excites no pleasing emotions in your mind, there still remain the myrtle of Venus, the almond-tree, the jessamine, the pomegranate, and those eminences covered with luxuriant vines. Reflect, that in no country of the globe nature is more rich and variegated in her appearances than in Switzerland, and that it was the landscape and the lake of Zurich which inspired the Idylls of the immortal Gessner, the most agreeable of all the poets of nature.

These sublime beauties raise and fire the heart; and operate upon the imagination in a much more lively manner than even more agreeable scenes; as a fine night affords a more august and solemn spectacle than the finest day. In coming from Fiescati, by the side of the small lake of Nemi, which lies in a deep valley so enclosed by mountains and forests that the winds never agitate its quiet surface, it is impossible not to exclaim with the English poet, that here—

“Black melancholy sits and round her throws

“A death-like silence, and a dread repose:

“Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,

“Shades every flower, and darkens every green,

“Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,

“And breathes a browner horror on the woods.”

POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, ver. 165.

[To be continued.]

Account

Account of the Remarkable Musical talents of CHARLES and SAMUEL WESLEYS. related by their Father, the Rev. Mr. WESLEY, to the Hon. Daines Barrington.

[Continued from page 473.]

DURING this time he taught himself the violin; a soldier assisted him about six weeks; and some time after Mr. Kinsbury gave him twenty lessons. His favourite instrument was the organ.

He spent a month at Bath, while we were in Wales; served the abbeys on Sundays, gave them several voluntaries, and played the first fiddle in many private concerts.

He returned with us to London greatly improved in his playing. There I allowed him a month for learning all Handel's overtures. He played them over to me in three days. Handel's Concertos he learnt with equal ease; and some of his lessons, and Scarlatti's. Like Charles, he mastered the hardest music without any pains or difficulty.

He borrowed his Ruth to transcribe for Mr. Madan. Parts of it he played at Lord D.'s, who rewarded him with some of Handel's Oratorios.

Mr. Madan now began carrying him about to his musical friends. He played several times at Mr. W.'s; to many of the nobility, and some eminent masters and judges of music. They gave him subjects and music which he had never seen. Mr. Burton, Mr. Bates, &c. expressed their approbation in the strongest terms. His extemporary fugues, they said, were just and regular, but could not believe that he knew nothing of the rules of composition.

Several

Several companies he entertained for hours together with his own music. The learned were quite astonished.—Sir J. H. cried out, "Inspiration! Inspiration!"—Dr. C. candidly acknowledged, "He has got that which we are searching after," although at first, out of pure good nature, he refused to give him a subject. An old musical gentleman, hearing him, could not refrain from tears.

If he loved any thing better than music, it was regularity. He took to it himself. Nothing could exceed his punctuality. No company, no persuasion, could keep him up beyond his time. He never could be prevailed on to hear any opera or concert by night. The moment the clock gave warning for eight, away ran Sam, in the midst of his most favourite music. Once in the play-house he rose up after the first part of the Messiah, with, "Come, Mamma, let us go home, or I sha'nt be in bed by eight."

When some talked of carrying him to the Queen, and I asked him if he was willing to go? "Yes, with all my heart, (he answered) but I won't stay beyond eight."

The praises bestowed so lavishly upon him did not seem to affect, much less to hurt him; and whenever he went into the company of his betters, he would much rather have stayed at home; yet, when among them, he was free and easy; so that some remarked, "he behaved as one bred up at court, yet without a courtier's servility."

On our coming to town this last time, he sent Dr. Boyce the last anthem he had made. The Doctor thought, from its correctness, that Charles must have helped him in it; but Charles assured him that he never

ver assisted him, otherwise than by telling him, if he asked, whether such or such a passage were good harmony; and the Doctor was so scrupulous, that when Charles shewed him an improper note, he would not suffer it to be altered.

Mr. Cramer took a great liking to him, offered to teach him the violin, and played some trios with Charles and him. He sent a man to take measure of him for a fiddle; and is confident a very few lessons would set him up for a violinist.

Sam often played the second, and sometimes the first fiddle, with Mr. Treadway, who declared, "Giardini himself could not play with greater exactness."

Mr. Madan brought Dr. N. to my house, who could not believe that a boy could write an oratorio, play at sight, or pursue any given subject. He brought two of the King's boys, who sang over several songs and chorusses in Ruth. Then he produced two bars of a fugue. Sam worked this fugue very readily and well, adding a movement of his own; and then a voluntary on the organ, which quite removed the Doctor's incredulity.

At the rehearsal at St. Paul's, Dr. Boyce met his brother Sam; and shewing him to Dr. H. told him, "This boy will soon surpass you all." Shortly after he came to see us, took up a Jubilate which Sam had lately wrote, and commended it as one of Charles's; when we told him whose it was, he declared he could find no fault in it; adding, "There was not another boy upon earth who could have composed this;" and concluding with, "I never yet met with that person who owes so much to nature as Sam. He is come among us dropt down from heaven."

I first had an opportunity of being witness of Master Samuel Wesley's great musical talents at the latter end of 1775, when he was nearly ten years old.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THOUGHTS ON PLEASURE, by Dr. YOUNG.

[Concluded from page 459.]

THE man, if not in alliance with an immortal, never would have had an unbounded power and desire. If not in alliance with a brute, he never would have debased them to mean, and sordid ends; never would have confined them to things below: but being joined to both, and, through perverseness and stupidity, rendering celestial immortality inglorious, and terrestrial brutality more brutal, he creates a far more miserable being than either of them apart could possibly have been. We may therefore congratulate the mere brute on his high prerogative of being incapable of becoming such a monster of rationality as this. And the Man of Pleasure, if modest, will for the future give the wall to his horse. He, like Codrus, disguises himself, puts off his dignity to rush into danger: and happy for him, if he meets with nothing worse than death.

Reason and immortality, the man, and the immortal, these only occasion the calamity; and the poor animal, an innocent ally, must suffer with them.

If your sister's favorites will contemplate themselves in any glass but their own, let them look in this true mirror; and though the features are somewhat monstrous, let them not disown them; since they may

change them when they please: and they are pictured so minutely, that they may be the more inclined so to do. For what a hideous ruin of humanity is this? The world after the deluge, a less melancholy sight. Such shocking footsteps sin leaves behind it, in nature, animate and inanimate. Reason and virtue, are the sole beauty, and sole salvation of all. Through all her realms creation groans without it. The Deity is all reason in his nature, conduct, and commands. The great, invariable, eternal alternative throughout his creation, is, or reason, or ruin. To how many ears in this happy metropolis is this dismal news?

I was going to say, that reason is the sole basis of happiness; but it is not. There are three kinds of happiness upon earth, gradually less and less. There is a happiness from the exertion of reason, where reason is given: this is the happiness of a man. There is an inferior happiness from the gratification of sense, where reason is denied: this is the happiness of a brute. And there is a calamitous happiness where reason is suppressed, or abused: and this is the happiness of a wretch. You see then in what line of happiness our fine men must be content to rank.

I know your sister will call my analysis above, a labyrinth of sophistry. I will therefore give the Man of Pleasure's character in a manner less perplexed, and which she may probably censure as too plain; and may wish a clue were wanting to find the meaning.

He is one, who, desirous of being more happy than any man can be, is less happy than most men are.

One, who seeks happiness every where, but where it is to be found.

One, who out-toils the labourer, not only without his wages, but paying dearly for it.

He is an immortal being, that has but two marks of a man about him, upright stature, and the power of playing the fool, which the monkey has not.

He is an immortal being, that triumphs in this single, deplorable and yet false hope, that he shall be as happy as a monkey when they are both dead; though he despairs of being so, while yet alive.

He is an immortal being, that would lose none of its most darling delights, if he were a brute in the mire; but would lose them all intirely, if he were an angel in heaven.

It is certain, therefore that he desires not to be there: and if he not so much as desires it now, how can he ever hope it, when his day of dissipation is over? And if no hope——what is our Man of Pleasure? a man of distraction, and despair, to-morrow.

And who would buy to-day so dear, if it were so to be bought: as certainly it is not. Doubtless the true Man of Pleasure is he, who preserves order in his compounded nature; and gives the animal, rational, and immortal, their respective dues. Who as an immortal places in the Supreme Being his supreme delight; and, as rational, shunning superstitious austerities; and, as animal, too great indulgencies; admits of all secular enjoyments that are strictly consistent with his supreme. The true, and false Man of Pleasure are brothers; born of the same parent, viz. an inextinguishable love of delight: But so superior is the one to the other, that like the fabled brothers Castor and Pollux, one may be said to be in heaven, the other on earth.

To

To be more explicit, I would gather three particular branches from this general root of happiness, and present them to your sister as a specimen of the rest.

There is no Man of Pleasure without his Eve; no serpent without its sting. He that knows not the pure delight, and ever growing tenderness of a chaste love, knows not the most that the fairest can bestow.

He who knows not the sound cordiality, and constant warmth of a disinterested friendship, knows not the most that man can enjoy from man.

He that keeps not open a constant intercourse with heaven, by frequent fervours of rational devotion, knows not a joy still sublimer than both.

What are the joys of vice, compared to these? What think their deluded admirers of a magnanimous triumph over strong temptation; of a sweet repose in divine favour and protection; of an indefeasible right to life eternal? Is there not a certain grandeur, and solidity of happiness in this? Is not this better than ranging from the gaming house to brothels; and with other little fluttering, gilded, noxious, liquorish insects, to be fixing on every nuisance for delight? Sons of Beelzebub the god of flies. I like not a certain, modest faint-heartedness in the friends, and advocates of what is right. A Christian should let all see what an animation there is in Christianity above all that the world may admire besides. Christianity should be the boast as well as comfort of our hearts.

And now if we enquire after the cause which has brought us into this fool's paradise, on which I have dwelt so long, we shall see with what good reason pleasure, and infidelity, are joined together in my plan.

The

The scripture ascribes the conquest of the world, that is, of its pleasure, to faith; and is very copious in enumerating renowned instances of it. Were faith as prevalent in us, we too should prove Alexanders in the moral world. All agree, that God's promises are better than any thing we can carve for ourselves. And all agree, that they are inconsistent with sin. So that he who will take out his portion in this life, must lose it in the next. What then, against our nature, and against our reason, hinders us from prosecuting our chiefest good? — Want of faith. All is resolveable into that alone.

For instance. Our temptations are of two kinds. From things that grieve, or things that please; the former fright, the latter allure us, from our virtue. From poverty, pain, disgrace or persecution, we fly to falsehood, or fraud, for escape. But those ills are not the immediate cause of it; but want of faith in God's promises, that "He will succour us in those exigencies; and deliver us in his good time; and make all things work together for our good." On the other hand, when pleasure intices, and carries its point; we do not think those pleasures, be they what they will, preferable to heaven. But heaven is at a distance, and the soul is eager for present good. But why is heaven at a distance? for want of faith; for faith is "the substance of things hoped for; and the evidence of things not seen." It antedates the existence of that which is future; makes our conversation in heaven, though we are still in the body; associates us with angels, though in our solitude; and gives us greater joy in contemplation, than the world can give in hand." This is true, or the conduct of those heroes in scripture had been impracticable! and they, like ourselves, were mere men. Thus infidelity leads to pleasure; and pleasure confirms infidelity; and both together consummate ruin.

These

These gentlemen seem to think that the world was made in jest; that there is nothing of moment or serious in it. There is nothing else. There is not a fly but has had infinite wisdom concerned, not only in its structure, but in its destination. And was man made only to flutter, sing, and expire? A mere expletive in the mighty work, the marvellous operations of the Almighty? Is joy their point! He that to the best of his power has secured the final stake has a fund of real joy within him. He is satisfied from himself. They, his reverse, borrow all from without. Joy wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short. From without it may be gathered; but like gathered flowers, though fair and sweet for a season, it must soon wither and become offensive. Joy from within, is like smelling the rose on the tree, it is more sweet and fair; it is lasting; and I must add, immortal.

As, therefore, I have offered these gentlemen three expedients for happiness; to persuade their acceptance of them, I shall now give three short maxims, which will sit light on their memories, and (I hope) in time, easy on their hearts.

He that will not fear shall feel the wrath of heaven.
—He that lives in the kingdom of sense, shall die in the kingdom of sorrow.

He shall never truly enjoy his present hour, who never thinks on his last.

Let your sister, dear Sir, tell her grey pretty fellows, who are apostles to these Gentiles, that if they can advance three maxims of greater truth; or three expedients of greater efficacy to happiness, than those above-mentioned, I am their convert; I exchange my Bible for Bollingbrooke; and prepare for the ball: for N. B. I am but four score.

ORIGINAL

These gentlemen seem to think that the world was
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ous in it. There is nothing else. There is not a fly

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the American Moral & Sentimental Magazine

THE COMPLAINT.

OH thou! to whose Almighty ear,
The softest breath of prayer ascends;
Who hear'st and know'st each sigh and tear,
And every wish which thee-ward tends.

Bow down oh God, in mercy bow,
Open thine ear to my complaints,
And turn away thy wrath, for oh!
Before its strokes my spirit faints.

Thou know'st, oh Lord! by fears of death,
How to and fro my mind is driv'n;
For every hour which brings me breath,
Wafts from my soul a cry to Heav'n.

How chang'd is all which could delight,
A different aspect nature wears;
And ruddy morn and solemn night,
Sad and uncheary now appears.

The Sun, whose radiance gilds the day,
And scatters light, and blessings wide,
To me emits no chearful ray,
Who all within am dark and void.

A pleasing change the seasons know,
But I no happy respite see;
My days are spent in ceaseless woe,
And sorrow wears each night away.

Haste

Haste to my help oh gracious God,
 Ere in the dust this frame's repos'd;
 Ere on my breast rests the cold sod,
 And these dull eyes for ever clos'd.

ANNA.

ON THE MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.

FORTUNE on men precarious gifts bestows,
 On some prosperity, on others woes:
 This one she sinks, another raises high
 From ruin's utmost verge to dignity:
 Divests the monarch of imperial state,
 Transfers the peasant to the monarch's seat.
 By turns, she frowns and smiles on all mankind,
 Changes as oft; and varies as the wind,
 Thus fickle, vain and changing are her ways,
 The one she favors now, she next betrays.
 Fortune 'tis true can rob us of our store,
 And when that's gone 'tis done, she can no more.
 She with her frowns most mortals has distress'd,
 But can't supplant the virtues of the breast.
 The wise and good have a sure refuge near.
 Proof against fortune and all other fear,
 With heav'nly love and sacred truth impress'd,
 No sickle turn of chance affects their rest.
 Then happy man, whose trust is fix'd above,
 Confirm'd, and center'd in the God of love;
 He will his wants and every need supply,
 And make him blest through all eternity.

A FRAGMENT.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace,
 Thro' the dark turnings of a dubious maze,
 But happy those, who by a prudent care,
 Retreat by times from the fallacious snare.